

Brethren Evangelist

"I Am the Way, the Truth and the Life."—Jesus

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Editorial

Which?

A Jewish proverb says that four characteristics distinguish those that sit in the presence of sages in order to study. They are either like a sponge, or a funnel, or a strainer, or a sieve. The sponge sucketh in every thing without discrimination; the funnel receiveth at one end, and poureth out at the other, not retaining anything; the strainer allows the liquor to escape, and retains the dregs. The sieve separates the chaff from the fine flour. The world has entirely too many funnels, sponges and strainers, and not enough sieves.

A Good Prescription

A few years ago the Boston Sunday-school Quarterly advertised the following prescription as an almost infallible remedy for periodical Sunday headaches and similar ailments which hinder people from attending divine services on that day: On Sunday morning rise at six; use plenty of cold water on the face, eat a plain, hearty breakfast. Then mix up and take internally a dose composed of equal parts of the following ingredients: will, push, energy, determination, self-respect, respect for God's day, respect for God's house, a desire to be somebody. Stir well, add a little love, just to make it sweet. Repeat the dose every three minutes till Sunday-school time, unless relief comes sooner. If the day is stormy, an external application of overshoes, rubber coat, etc., will be beneficial.

What to do With Them

The long winter evenings are coming on. What will you do with them? They bring with them great opportunities for self-improvement. A few dollars invested in good books, magazines and papers will pay for themselves a thousand times over in the years to come. Multitudes of such books are waiting, with all their precious wealth of knowledge, to be read and devoured during the quiet hours of the evening which the winter season brings with it. A reading circle in your community might be helpful, but if not practicable let your own home become such a circle and each evening spend at least two hours in diligent, thoughtful, well selected reading. Think what this will mean in the six months from October 1 to April 1. Two hours each evening, twelve hours a week of six days, three hundred hours in twenty-five weeks. During this time you can

add immeasurably to your fund of useful knowledge. How much wiser such a course than to go thro a round of parties or amusements which you may have planned, and which will detract rather than add to the strength of your character. Let every home be converted into a reading circle.

He Can Do It Now

A poor, ignorant, old, colored man, who had been a slave, came to Miss M. Waterbury, a lady missionary among the freed-man, and asked to be taught to pray. She began to teach him the Lord's prayer, sentence by sentence, explaining it to his entire satisfaction until she came to the one on forgiveness. "What dat mean?" said he. "That you must forgive everybody or God will not forgive you." "Stop, teacher, can't do that," and he went away. After vacation he appeared again, saying: "Now go on wid de prayer. I dun forgive him. Ole massar once gib me five hundred lashes, and hit me wid a crowbar, an' t'row me out fur dead, and I met him on de street, and wouldn't speak at him, but today I met him an' said, How'd ye? Now go on wid dat prayer." It might be well for many another besides the colored man to think very seriously of those whom they refuse to forgive before they go on "wid dat prayer."

Keep Cool

Brethren when you start in to discuss a difference in doctrine with somebody, always be careful not to leave off the dis. Ice your zeal and blanket your charity. In China when a disputant becomes rather conspicuously fervent, they put him in jail until he has had time to cool off. The orientals can give us a tip sometimes. What a fine spectacle it would be to see Brother Pepper behind the bars reviewing his argument. If you want to get the better of your adversary keep as cool as a cucumber and as sweet as a peach.

A Dangerous Pet

Sin cherished in the human heart is like a wild beast sleeping in some corner of your house. It is a dangerous pet. The story is told of a man who took a young tiger and resolved to make a pet of it. It moved about his house, like a little kitten, and grew up fond and gentle. For a long time its savage, blood thirsty nature seemed changed, and it was quiet and harmless. But one day the master was playing with his pet, when by accident his hand was scratched and the beast tasted blood. That taste aroused all the

tiger nature, and the ferocious animal flew on his master to tear him to pieces. That exactly is the nature of sin in the human heart. To tame it would be like fondling a hyena. It will not tame. The old passions, lusts and sins lurking about in your soul will some day break out in all their ferociousness and utterly destroy the possessor, for sin when it is finished bringeth forth death. Tigers are dangerous pets, but it is equally unsafe to make pets of our sins, yet that is what many people do.

Stay Where God Puts You

"Why gaddest thou about?" Yes, you will find this in the second chapter of Jeremiah, and it is a good thing to read. You are well off in that quiet little country home, with godly parents and a pure moral atmosphere, but must needs gad off to the city in search of new sensations. There is that little farm, that peaceful trade, that isolated, perhaps humble sphere in which providence put you because it fits you, and yet a thousand thorns of discontent embitter your soul. It is a hard field, thou preacher, and what a lingering, longing for a larger pulpit, a more conspicuous arena. Eyes and ears turn in all directions for calls, and the tender farewell sermon has been ready this long time. Why gaddest thou about? Stay where the Lord puts you. If it is but the hollow of a mustard seed, fill it first, and then look for the bursting of the shell.

That Which Counts

"I will give the widow's mite," said a fairly prosperous man as he threw a nickel into the collection for missions. It was not the amount which the widow gave that counted, but the sacrifice, the love, the faith, the earnest spirit which was behind the gift, for the two mites was her all. Had she been a rich widow, her gift would have been contemptible. Right there we find our nickel man. His gift was contemptible enough, without exhibiting a like contemptible ignorance by comparing himself with the poor widow. If he had given a deed to his farm, all his cattle and horses, all his money, and in the same spirit of unostentatious love and faith which characterized the widow, then would his gift have been equal to hers. Go to, thou rich man; be ashamed of yourself.

Defective Prayer

There are very many public prayers which make one marvel whether or not the brother who is "getting them off" really believes there is a God, or that He is a rational be-